

MARVEL
9th Sept 89

THE REAL

GHOSSTBUSTERS™

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Pheewwy! What is that awful pong? Well, it's probably coming from your copy of issue 65 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, for this week launches itself into a full-scale nose-dive with a tale of evil-smelling aromas in **Spectral Stinker!** This one will really appal your sensibilities! There also seems to be more in the air than bad smells. Yes, it's love! It has been known for people to say it with flowers, but this time Janine decides to say it with fungi in **Fungus Love!** Meanwhile, back at the garage, Ray lovingly attends to ECTO-1, where someone or something puts a supernatural spanner in the works in **Spook Mechanic!** Could anything be worse? Well, yes, as a matter of fact, because Winston and Egon have to do battle with a manic cactus in **Winston's Diary!** Watch out for the spikes!

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Cover by JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor: PERI GODBOLD
Spiritual Guide DAN ABNETT

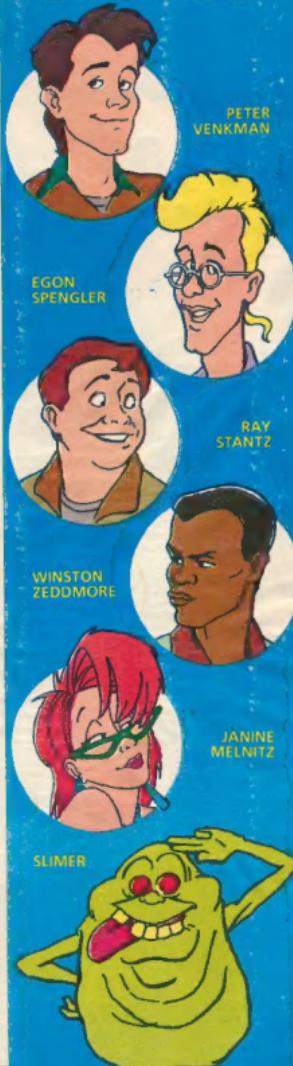


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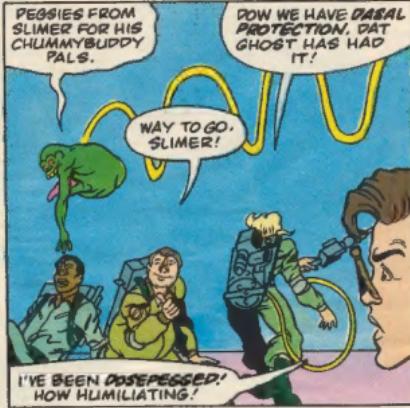


THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











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SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

'Are there ghosts of plants?' asks Percy Plimpsol of Newquay. Good question, Percy and the answer is yes. The study of ghostly plants and fungi is called Ecto-Botany, and here are a few of the most common forms of spectral vegetation.

KILLER CARROTS

Despite sounding like an awful 1950's sci-fi movie, the life of which Winston watches late on Friday nights, the colourfully named Killer Carrots proved to be quite a problem for some time in Kansas and the neighbouring states. The first reported sighting was by an Edith Blovercobb, housewife, who was in the middle of preparing one of her famous carrot cakes. 'It was horrible,' she said (meaning the ghost, not the carrot cake) 'There was this sudden rush of orange, and a carrottish smell, and all I could see were the big sharp pointy teeth coming towards me ...' Truly a terrifying ordeal, and the Killer Carrots are difficult to stop. They continue to attack even when diced, nibbled or served with roast beef and gravy.

SHRINKING VIOLETS

Ecto-contaminated plants often shrink in size. This was



PART 65

the case with the violets that I found recently. I'd like to show them to you, but they've shrunk so small and I can't remember where I left them.

TOBY NOBES AND THE BIG POTATOES

Is a Canadian rock group and has nothing at all to do with ghost plants.

TOBY NIBES AND THE PRETTY BIG POTATOES

Easily confused with the more famous rock group, this ghastly case history occurred in Palukkaville in 1973. Toby Nibes (No relation of the Agnes Rupply Nibes who wrote the classic *ECTO-BOTANY FOR THE*

OBSessive PARAPSYCHOLOGIST) was minding his own business and laying a carpet one day when he came upon a pile of potatoes that he assumed had fallen out of his wife's shopping bags. Then he remembered that he wasn't married. Suddenly, Nibes was surrounded by six floating potatoes all the size of medicine balls, each with big sharp pointy teeth. Nibes was later saved by a priest, Father Thorson, who exorcised the ghost in spectacular fashion, holding a potato peeler 'b'ut before him, and intoning the words of the prayer beginning 'Our Father in Heaven, give us this day a Mr Potato Head, and deliver veg on Wednesdays! ...

TOBY NABES AND THE AMAZING COINCIDENCE

It is an amazing coincidence that Father Thorson, who saved Toby Nibes from the pretty big potatoes, had a friend in the trucking industry called Toby Nabes who'd once seen a cucumber float across the room while he was listening to *Killer Carrots*, an album by Toby Nobes and the Big Potatoes, a Canadian rock group that despite everything, still has nothing at all to do with ghost plants.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD

Friday, 1st of September 1989

Call me foolish, but sometimes I do take a little bit of interest in Egon's experiments. I mean, who else do I know that invents time machines, alternative continuity generators and spore counting machines? Don't forget the Proton Packs, the Ghost Traps and PKE meters, either. Of course, he has had some really stupid ideas like robotic Ghostbusters and Sidereal Multi Ectoplasmic Guns. Disgusting! Not everything works, but it can be a lot of fun. It's always interesting, even when it all goes wrong, so I often take a quick trip up to Egon's lab when he isn't busy tampering with the force of nature, or something mundane like that.

The lab was its usual chaotic mess; I couldn't even see Egon for the weird spaghetti of wires, glass tubes and flashing lights that spread from somewhere in the middle of the room. "Over here, Winston," came a muffled voice, and a heap of wires and circuit boards moved like there was somebody under it. There was somebody under it - Egon. "What are you doing?" I asked, lifting the pile up to find Egon lying prone on the floor with a semi-automatic screwdriver in his mouth. "Getting up," replied Egon, getting up. "Experiment fell on me. Most unscientific."

I looked round again. In the centre of the room was a tray of peculiar plants, surrounded by arc lights (I groaned at the thought of our next electricity bill).

"That's the experiment, huh?" I said, gesturing at the tray.

"No, that's lunch," remarked Egon. "*Novaculis* Peru - Peruvian razor plants.

Very tasty if you don't try and eat them raw ... this is the experiment." He held up a parcel with a lot of foreign stamps on it. "The latest batch of spores from the Amazon. Strange - the address on the parcel seems to be Greek and I expected Spanish."

Egon started to unwrap the parcel and I suddenly felt the hairs on the back of my neck rise. "Are they from someone you know?" I asked, looking quickly around



the room for a Proton Gun (lucky us - there were two, under a pile of research notes on Slimer).

"That's the strangest part," said Egon, as the wrapper fell away and the box in the parcel started to glow ominously. "I was not expecting any spores from South America until next month ...

"This is a surprise package, Ghostbusters!" grated an evil sounding voice from the box and we were both thrown back from it by a crackling electric charge. As we watched, the box opened and a huge green creature started to pour out of it. The thing looked like crushed spinach with the nastiest look on its plant face and an even nastier look to its extremely sharp teeth. "*Dentire Perpetuus!*" gasped Egon, grabbing a book called '*Spores I have Known and Some I Never Wanted to Meet*'.

"Possibly the most dangerous plant in the whole evolution of life on this planet. I thought it was extinct. Fascinating ..."

I grabbed Egon and pulled him back towards our Proton Guns as a leafy tendril made a grab for him. "I think its us it wants to make extinct," I shouted, grabbing a Proton Gun.

"Pathetic humans!" rasped the plant creature, knocking over some of Egon's

other experiments with blows from strange claw-like arms that seemed to grow from its body in seconds. "There is no escape!" How many times have we heard that one before? I leapt across the room away from Egon, did a couple of impressive body rolls and came up next to Egon's lunch. "Catch it in the cross-fire, Egon!" I shouted as yet another stand of carefully catalogued spores and mushrooms crashed to the floor. Egon raised his Proton Gun without another moments thought.

"Fiend," he shouted, "That was tea!" We let fly with our guns and the monster writhed screaming with rage. "You won't stop me with those," it said. Now where have we heard that before? No it wasn't a clue. "I think we're in serious trouble here," muttered Egon as the creature leapt towards him out of the beams and grabbed him in its plant version of a bear hug. "I abssssorb you, now!" said the creature. "Fascinating," said Egon, as plants spread all over his body, up his arms, down his back and into his boots. "The combination of paranormal forces and actual vegetation seem to make Dentire here unstoppable."



"This is no time for jokes!" I shouted
"Think of something to get yourself out
of that!"

"Hmm. Just blast the razor plants with your Proton Beam, would you?" said Egon, just before the plant started to gag him with what looked like an overripe pear. So I blasted his lunch with the Proton Beam.

The razor plants twitched a bit, then started growing like crazy and sort of writhed across the room towards the creature.

"No!" wailed the creature, dropping Egon, but it was too late. The razor plants fixed themselves to the plant and started chopping away at it just like a gardener prunes a rosebush, only a lot less carefully.

Dentire gave a final shriek before collapsing under the encroaching razor plants, which seemed to shiver with pleasure at a job well done. "That cut him down to size," I said: "Er . . . what did I do?"

"I gambled that the sudden intrusion of paranormal, plant activating forces around Dentire, plus the power of the Proton Gun would bring the razor plants to life," explained Egon. "Two million years ago they destroyed the last living Dentire, before evolving themselves."

"Just like old times," I replied, picking up the wrapping paper and box Dentire had arrived in. "Terrific. Hmm, no clues here as to who sent us such a dangerous plant specimen . . ."

"Probably some paranormal demon with a grudge against us," replied Egon.

"Wait," I said, picking up a card from inside the box. "Here's something . . ." I turned the card over, expecting a name, a further clue, something awesome. Egon looked at me. I looked at Egon. I showed him the card. 'Say it with flowers', it read. Even demons have a sense of humour . . . now and again!



HAIRBALL

This hirsute fiend certainly did create a hair-raising experience for the clientelle of Monsieur Le Snip's Hairdressing Salon. Masquerading as a conglomerate ghost, made from abandoned and rotting hair-cuttings, the spook swore revenge on all hairdressers! The bald-faced cheek of it! He proved to be rather hard to dispose of, because every time a Proton Gun was aimed at him, he gave himself a swift centre-parting and the beams went straight through! In spite of the ghost's professed identity, it did occur to the Ghostbusters more than once that the hair cuttings may have been possessed by the spirit of a bald man who had been obsessed with being hairy. Anyway, whatever it's origins, it certainly knew how to let it's hair down! Beards, dreadlocks, bouffants and quiffs of immense proportions could be seen everywhere! Hairball was finally trapped in the Ghostbusters' metaphorical hair net.



HOST WRITING!



Yep, it's that time of the week again. Time for the good ol' Ghostbusters' post bag, in which I shall attempt to answer your questions with the least amount of mess possible!

Dear Peter . . .

In issue 54 Winston and Egon exchanged personalities. I really enjoyed this because Egon is so predictable. You can always tell what he's going to say. Perhaps you could give him a bit of coaching on the lingo to stop Egon from being such a square.

— David Elwood, County Down

Well, Dave, I have to point out here that it is the rich variety of people in the world which makes life so interesting. I know Egon takes things very seriously, but I wouldn't say that having a superior intellect is at all square! Brain cells are to be valued, not scorned, my man.

In issue 23 in the story 'Janine's Knight in Shining Armour', she said her favourite flowers were snap dragons, but in issue 30 she said her favourites were roses? How come?
— Stephen Byrnes, Clarkstow

Well, Stephen, you know what it's like when people are in love! They hardly know what they're saying!

I think you are one of the coolest people in the world! I also have some questions for you:

1. How many years has Egon been collecting fungus?
 2. Why did Walter Peck want to shut down the Containment Unit?
- Wesley Snell, Great Cornard

Thanks for your letter, Wes. 1. Egon's mushroom and fungi collection was started as a childhood interest, but steadily developed into an adult obsession. 2. Walter wanted the Unit shut down because he considered it to be a health and safety risk. This is perfectly true, but only in the event of it being shut down!

I have some questions to ask you:

1. What will happen if the Containment Unit blows up? There must be thousands of ghosts in there!
 2. Slimer is often scared of ghosts, so why does he always talk to Billy Bones in 'Blimey! It's Slimer!?
 3. Who did you bust first?
- Matthew Mills, Wolverhampton

1. Well, if the Containment Unit does blow, it'll be pretty messy. Not only would the blast take the surrounding area with it, but there would be a lot of nasty ghosts on the loose. Probably thousands! 2. Slimer and Billy have been good friends for a long time. They go way back (and I mean waaaaay back!) Billy's a pretty harmless kinda' guy. 3. You'll hate me for saying this, but it was Slimer!

My mother said that she doesn't know why you hate Slimer so much, because she thinks he is sweet. She would like to keep him, or adopt him, if you ever throw him out. She also wants to know how much you hate Slimer.

— Charlotte Smith and mum, Harrogate

There's no accounting for taste! No seriously, folks, deep down, I'm pretty fond of Slimer. Quasimodo wouldn't have been the same without his hump and we wouldn't be the same without Slimer!

1. What do the ghosts do which are trapped in the Containment Unit?

2. Have you ever busted a poltergeist?

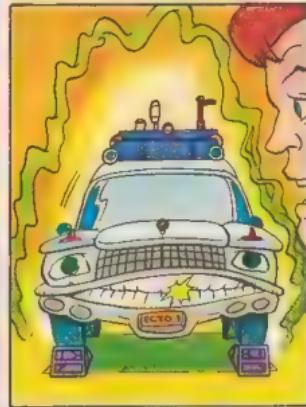
— Darren Beal, Stocksbridge

1. Generally, they squabble with each other, try to plan their escape, attempt to frighten each other and play 'I spy with my big bug eye'. 2. Kiddo, I've busted nearly as many poltergeists as I've had taken-away pizzas. That's going some!

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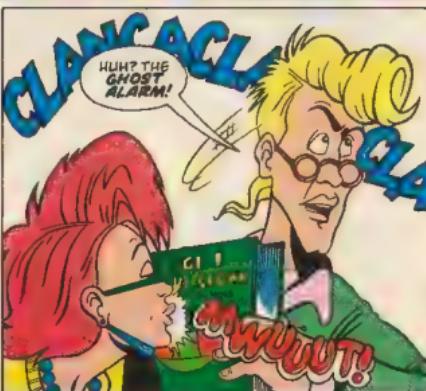
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



SO FAR, JANINE'S LOVE FOR EGON HAS BEEN UNREQUITED... BUT SHE'S A GIRL WHO WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
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Dare you read on?

Hauntings, more often than not, take place at the site of a death, or even more frequently, a *murder*!

This bizarre tale of a grisly secret, unfolded one night in the tiny English village of Willesham, when a terribly severe storm brought an ancient oak tree crashing to the ground. Upon investigation, the villagers found the remains of a human skeleton emerging from a shallow grave under the tree. Adorning one of the dismembered hands was a ring, which was found to have belonged to Mary Grey, who had mysteriously disappeared some eighteen years previous. Her sister, Ellen, identified the ring, saying, "It's Mary's. The bloodstone ring was my wedding gift to her!"

The story goes that Mary was married to a man named Basil Osborne on her eighteenth birthday. She felt compelled to write to John Bodneys, a childhood sweetheart, asking for his forgiveness. Mary went upstairs to the room she had shared with her sister for a last sentimental look, before leaving for her honeymoon. This was the last that was seen of her, for when she did not come down, all that was found was an empty room and an open window.

Her husband died only a month later, seemingly of a broken heart.

The upturned and gnarled roots of the old tree now revealed poor Mary's fate . . . her neck had been broken!

Ellen kept the hand and in her will she left it to her housekeeper along with her estate, asking

that it be displayed somewhere in public "where it may some day confront the murderer".

The housekeeper opened up a pub in the village and displayed the hand in a case upon the wall. One night a stranger came into the pub and the story was related to him.

A piercing scream rent the air and the man staggered against the wall, his fingers dripping with blood. He was none other than John Bodneys! Racked with guilt and bleeding mysteriously from his fingers all the while, he confessed to having murdered Mary in a fit of jealousy.

He died whilst awaiting trial from a disease which no doctor could identify! The horror of it!





SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em on to: SLIME TIME
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



When Cyclops went to Paris
what did he go to see?

The Eye-ffel Tower!

Why did the Cyclops give up
teaching?

*Because he only had one
pupil!*

What is it called when Cyclops
gather for a big dance?

An eye-ball!

— Carl Byrne, Moreton

What is a vampire's favourite
game?

Bat-minton.

— Andrew Falconer, Kingston-
Upon-Thames

Why were the boy and girl
vampires unhappy?

Because their love was in vein!
— Niki Mann, Macclesfield

Who was the famous skeleton
detective?

Sherlock Bones!

— Mark Standlick, Bally Kelly

Why are monsters' fingers
never more than eleven inches
long?

*Because if they were more,
they'd be a foot!*

— Thomas Hartshorn, Congleton

BACK TO GHOUL!



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

TRANSFORMERS 234 Three of King 'Con, by Budiansky, Delbo and Bulanadi, has a real David and Goliath situation goin' down, as the Micromaster Off Road Patrol comes up against the Decepticon Pretenders! Then there's Prime's Rib, by Furman and Wildman, the origin of Arcee, and Part Four of Airshow, by Hama and Trimpe, with Maverick still looking for his Vector. PLUS Part Three of the **Monstrous Micros** Competition!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 65 This is a really smelly issue for our heroes as they confront a nasal nasty who gets right up their noses in a Donkin, Brand, Marshall and Harwood strip story called Spectral Stinker, Egon's lab is attacked by a giant cactus in a prickly tale by Freeman, Marshall and Harwood. And as if that wasn't enough, there's a chance to revisit Spook Mechanic and Fungus Love.

THE SLEEZE BROTHERS 3 Join the bungling duo for their third madcap adventure, featuring a cast of thousands! Well, hundreds then. Oh, all right, quite a few. Anyway, in this issue, everyone is after the same thing – a bug. Not just any old bug, though. This one is a living, breathing surveillance device, and it is in possession of some incriminating evidence that could involve **President Sinartra** in the political scandal of the decade!

THE PUNISHER After the destruction of the Trust, the Punisher is finding business pretty much as usual – you know, drug rings to smash, old scores to settle with old adversaries from Vietnam, all that sort of thing. It's all in **Marching Powder** by Baron and Janson. Staying in South-East Asia, Ed Marks and the boys from the 23rd Mechanised Infantry are about to have two days of utter boredom wrecked by the VC. That's life in **The 'Nam**, by Murray and Golden.

ON SALE NOW!